UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

War in China - *Excerpts from Family Letters*

"Dick" Sheppard, Soldier of Peace - - - - - - - - - *Tracy D. Mygatt*

A Significant Occasion - *S. O. Levinson*

A.F. of L. *Versus* C.I.O. Controversy - - - - - - - - *Margaret J. Schmidt*

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Contents

EDITORIAL

Notes 103
Jottings—J. H. H. 106

ARTICLES

War in China—Excerpts from Family Letters 106
"Dick" Sheppard, Soldier of Peace—TRACY D. MYGATT 109
A Significant Occasion—S. O. LEVINSON 111
A.F. of L. *Versus* C.I.O. Controversy—MARGARET J. SCHMIDT. 112

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes—CURTIS W. REESE 115
Beyond Humanism—C. A. HAWLEY 116

CORRESPONDENCE

Lord Cecil in America—SYDNEY STRONG 116

THE FIELD

War Is the Atrocity—*World Events* 102

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

War Is the Atrocity

In the last few years the world has been shocked time after time by "atrocity stories" from various battlefields. The Ethiopian war pictures showed the bombing of civilians and of hospitals by Mussolini's airmen. The Spanish civil war has witnessed almost daily air raids over undefended towns and cities and the killing of thousands of noncombatant men, women and children. The undeclared war in China has resulted in scores of indignation meetings in all parts of the world over the merciless killing from the air of thousands of Chinese civilians.

Atrocities? Certainly. Ruthless slaughter? Undoubtedly. Violation of international law? Of course. But not the acts of nations more bloodthirsty, more sadistic, more savage than all others. Merely modern war for which all nations are carefully and systematically preparing. In Nicaragua, the Americans used bombs against Sandino, hitting non-combatants as well as soldiers; in the Near East and in India the British bombed the civilian population. The atrocity is modern war, particularly the new air arm.

The great expounder of the ruthless use of air power is General Douhet of the Royal Italian Air Force. Douhet believed that the air force was the determining weapon of modern war. It alone could virtually insure victory. But it must be used ruthlessly and without the least humanitarian considerations. In order to win, Douhet proposed to use "the least chivalrous, the most perfidious, the most diabolical of weapons, turning them at their maximum power upon noncombatants, the aged, the women and the children." His motto was: "First the victory of one's own country, then humanity."

Many military men have condemned Douhetism. They do not believe that the air force alone can determine wars nor do they propose to forget all humanitarian considerations. Others, however, do not believe that these good intentions will be carried out in war.

"The way to win," said the former British Air Secretary, Lord Thomson, "will be by ruthless bombing of localities which in many cases would be densely populated." "Entire regions," says the German General von Altrock, "inhabited by peaceful populations will be continually threatened with extinction. The war will frequently have the appearance of the destruction en masse of the entire civil population."

The objectors to Douhetism do not, in reality, differ fundamentally from the Italian air strategist as far as humanitarian considerations are concerned. They would confine the air attacks to "vital centers." But what are vital centers? Are they great cities in which the government, army and navy headquarters, supply services, financial centers and other war arteries

(*Continued on page* 116)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXX MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1937 No. 7

THE RAPTURE OF POSTPONED POWER

"No man has earned the right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen—to dig by the divining rod for springs which he may never reach. . . . To think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone—when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought—the subtle rapture of a postponed power, which the world knows not because it has no external trappings, but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army."

—Justice Holmes.

UNITY AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT

The UNITY family is a devoted family. How well we know it? But it should be, and could be, much larger. In the measure that our paper is enjoyed, it should be shared. In years gone by it *has* been shared at Christmas time as a gift to many who have thereby been introduced into our household of thought, and have remained with us as members of the family. We have reason to believe that UNITY as a Christmas gift to those who will appreciate it, will this year be more popular than ever. We are going to have numerous additions to our subscription list. Which means that we shall enter the new year, 1938, with a list headed back toward the totals of pre-depression days! How many will give UNITY for Christmas to some friend, or kinsman, and perhaps minister? Let us hear from you promptly!

IF NOT A NEXT WAR, THEN WHAT?

The international situation moves from crisis to crisis, events which a generation ago would have led to a clash of arms in twenty-four hours follow rapidly one upon another—but the dreaded next war does not come? Will it come? Two things stand dead in the way of open hostilities. One is the awful destructiveness of modern weapons. What government dares to take the plunge into the maelstrom of submarines, bombing planes, poisonous gases, which mean havoc all around? The other thing is the temper of modern peoples. They might be easily driven or induced to war by high-powered propaganda, but in their hearts they do not want war, and in case of defeat and misery would revolt against it. What government does not see in war the menace of revolution and overthrow? So the next war may not come! But this does not mean peace and security—far from it. It may mean another alternative, foreseen and described by H. G. Wells and perhaps already begun—namely, a slow drifting into a condition of international anarchy not unlike that which prevailed in the Dark Ages. Mr. Wells has pictured our civilization as dropping to pieces into domestic lawlessness, civil strife, increasing crime and violence, discord among the nations with continual disorder and fighting in all parts of the world, piracy and anarchy spreading abroad like a pestilence, brutes and barbarians mounting to the seats of power and exploiting Europe and laying it waste like the robber-barons centuries ago, a revival of savagery and the slow death of culture. This is a fearful picture—one of Mr. Wells' horror-stories!—but it seems to be coming terribly true in all too many portions of the world today. So perhaps it isn't "the next war" we have to fear. Rather is it that last war which has never ended, but is still convulsing mankind with struggle and despair. Anarchy is the real menace of this hour—not the quick destruction but the slow disintegration of the whole ordered system of society. To fight this menace means a renaissance of law, a restoration of democracy, a reassertion of mind and not force as the method of progress, a reestablishment of ethical and religious ideals, and a rededication to the cultural heritage of the race.

'ROUND AND 'ROUND!

'Round and around we go in this depression business. Prosperity, then a smash, then concern in Washington, then the President calls in business advisors, then unemployment and relief! President Hoover went through the familiar cycle.

How well we remember the White House business conferences in 1929, and the assurances that everything was all right! Now President Roosevelt is meeting with the same men, and telling us as blandly that "the emergency is over." When are we going to learn that, in this fundamental and tragic problem of financial crisis, Mr. Roosevelt is no more a reformer than Mr. Hoover? The "happy days" man has infinitely more *savoir faire* than his predecessor, he makes a lot more noise and excitement, he races around much faster and tries many more tricks—especially he spends money faster, and with incomparable nonchalance. But essentially always he stays within the system, and thus does nothing to alter its workings, least of all to cure its ills. For all of its new and streamlined trimmings, the industrialism of today is the same old horse-and-buggy contraption it has always been—no better today than it was in 1929. Hence this latest stock-market crash, and business recession, and public panic, and increasing unemployment! What we have is what we had when the President took office in 1933—a capitalism which works in terms of rich and poor, employer and employe, capitalist and wage-earner, profit and loss, prosperity and depression. Only it works today far worse than it used to work—more frequent cycles, more dreadful crashes, more widespread misery. It is because President Roosevelt has no more touched this system than President Hoover touched it, that he is destined to be remembered in history as the James Buchanan of our time. His sympathies are sound, his ideals high, his concern for the people genuine, but he has no understanding of the nature of his problem, and in the net result has accomplished nothing. Hence the tragedy in this administration!

CAN TAMMANY SURVIVE?

Midway between the smashing electoral triumph of Mayor La Guardia in New York last month and the inauguration of the Mayor for his second four-year term next month, it may be well to inquire about the fate of Tammany. The famous, or rather infamous, Hall has suffered defeats before this, but never before in all of its more than a century of history has it had to endure two successive defeats as in 1933 and now in 1937. Furthermore, in the old days, the mayoralty term was for two years only, and now it is for four years—which means that two La Guardia terms make eight years of political exile for the Tammany sachems and their hungry braves. Can Tammany Hall survive this period of time without office and the patronage of office? It probably can, for the reason that the exile is by no means complete. There is county government in New York as well as municipal government, and, for all the fusion victories of recent years, Tammany still holds possession of the numerous and lucrative county offices. Furthermore, there are thousands of Tammanyites safely enrolled in the civil service ranks, and these cannot be touched. So the old Hall has not quite perished. But its strength is woefully sapped, and we think for good. Central to the whole situation is the fact that Tammany's power, such as it is, is rooted in Manhattan, which is only one of the five boroughs of the greater city. Tammany has tried desperately to extend its power across the bridges to the outlying sections of the metropolis, but it has never succeeded. For better or worse, in sickness or in health, its playground is Manhattan. But Manhattan as a political unit is growing weaker all the time, while the other boroughs—Brooklyn, Queens, and the rest—are all the time growing stronger. Manhattan's primacy, which made Tammany the dominant political machine in New York for a hundred years, is now gone, and with it goes Tammany's preëminence. No, Tammany is not yet dead! But, like an aging tiger, its claws are dull and its teeth are falling out. The old worries of recurring corruption ever following upon reform are over. La Guardia has brought in, we believe, a permanent new era of intelligent, honest, and progressive government in New York.

UNIONIZING FORD

In the impending campaign for the unionization of the Ford plant, we hope that the C.I.O. will use more wisdom than they did in the steel campaign last summer. That was a campaign thrown away because of the sheer madness of the tactics used by the strike leaders. Sit-down strikes, mass assaults upon factories, inportation of outside workers to intimidate inside workers—these methods may be legal or illegal, good or bad, but they are most emphatically foolish. Foolish in the sense that, the American people being what they are, such methods serve only to alienate and never propitiate a public opinion which is indispensable to labor's cause! What the C.I.O. should realize in this Ford campaign is that *they have already won it, if they do not themselves lose it.* What we mean by this statement is made obvious by two facts. First, Henry Ford, in opposing the unionization of his employees, is a Mrs. Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean. Unionization has come to stay in this country. It is recognized today, both legally and morally, as an inherent part of our American democracy. In trying to maintain a non-union shop, Henry Ford is simply engaged in adding one more antique to his unrivalled collection of American antiques. But this time he is not going

to succeed—on the simple merits of the case itself, public sentiment will determine its outcome, if this sentiment is not itself wantonly outraged by foolish C.I.O. action. Secondly, Henry Ford is at this moment using tactics which are self-defeating. Spies are terrorizing his workers; two-fisted and two-gunned gangsters are guarding his plants and interfering with all normal life among his men; a long-established "speed-up" system is taking its toll of patience and good-will. Inevitably, by methods of this kind, is Mr. Ford preparing his Waterloo. The C.I.O. has only to wait, while pushing relentlessly its campaign of education and agitation, to find a ripe plum dropping down into its hands. The trade union movement in this country has come to its hour of triumph. If it fails anywhere today, it is because of its own stupid leadership. May the workers not be misled again!

GREAT BOOKS

Secretary Henry A. Wallace is one of the few men in public life who rank as scholars as well as politicians. In an address at the New York *Times* Book Fair, he presented a remarkable discussion of great books. His list of the world's masterpieces was accompanied by discussion which revealed the true lover of literature. He described the books he named as "books of power," and suggested that these were "more powerful by far than any battle." First, as "the most powerful book of all the ages" he listed the Bible. Reinforcing this work are such books, said Mr. Wallace, as St. Augustine's *City of God,* à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ,* and Thomas Aquinas' *Summa.* A reaction upon these was Erasmus' *In Praise of Folly.* Cervantes' *Don Quixote* ended the feudal system. John Milton's *Areopagitica* established in England the tradition of liberty, and Calvin's *Institutes* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* laid the enduring foundations of Protestantism. Bacon's *Novum Organum* and Newton's *Principia* opened up the great era of modern science. Rousseau, Voltaire, and Thomas Paine created by their writings a new age of enlightment and freedom, Paine's pamphlet, "Common Sense," probably doing "more to arouse the Americans to revolt against England than any other book." Alexander Hamilton and James Madison were a determining force in the *Federalist* in establishing the American republic. The nineteenth century was largely fashioned by Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations,* John Stuart Mill's *Principles of Economics,* Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics,* and Charles Darwin's *Origin of the Species.* Hegel's and Nietszche's writings in Germany were of enormous significance, but Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* eclipsed them all. In America, Mr. Wallace names the *Book of Mormon* and *Science and Health* as great creative forces. In more familiar fields are Professor Turner's *The Frontier in American History.* William James' *Psychology,* Thorstein Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class,* and Charles Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States.* Secretary Wallace named other potent books—notably Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* and Max Weber's *Protestant Ethic.* He proved his point—that books are among the major influences of human life.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE . . ."!

It is a drenching Saturday afternoon! A heavy rain, lashed by a cold and biting wind, drives across the vast spaces of the football arena. The field is a sodden marsh; the mounting tiers of seats are flooded by streams of water. Forty thousand spectators, wet to their skins, huddled in rugs and great coats, shiver in a vain attempt to keep some warmth in their veins. And twenty-two mud-smeared warriors slip and slide, flounder and fall, in a pitiful imitation of a football game. . . . It is a quiet Sunday morning! An Indian-summer mildness tempers the dampness of drizzled skies. There is no rain, but just a thin mist to wet the sidewalks and the streets. The sun will be out by noontide—it will be a pleasant day. But meanwhile there is this slight suggestion of bad weather. And a few stragglers enter into the yawning doors of the churches, and scatter in the empty pews. It was too rainy a day, for most people to venture out! . . . Now, why are there no days stormy enough to keep unnumbered thousands of persons from the football arenas, and almost no days fair enough to woo even a few hundreds of persons to the churches? Why is no excuse adequate to stay away from a game, and any excuse adequate to stay away from a religious service? Because, dearly beloved, people want to go to football games, but do not want to go to church. Because people are interested in sport, but are not interested in piety. Because people today are moved by the pleasure motive, but not by the moral motive. Because people recognize and respond to appeals of excitement, diversion, distraction, indulgence, but not to appeals of spiritual idealism. Because people want to get away from themselves—hence cigarettes, cocktails, dope, gambling, games; but are afraid to face themselves—hence a dead morality, a dying religion, and a chaotic world. And what can the churches do about it? Very little! The age is what it is, and the church itself must bear its share of blame for what has happened. But materialism, money-making, pleasure-seeking will have its end, as its upper emptiness becomes apparent, and men, like the Prodigal Son, will come to themselves. Then let the church be ready!

Jottings

We used to enjoy watching the farmer "prime the pump," but we used to get tired when nothing happened. Finally, when the well proved to be dry, we thought that another method should be tried. Why not a new well where the water flows from bubbling springs?

Does history repeat itself? It does when the Duke of Windsor declares, in prospect of the voyage to America later cancelled, that he and his wife prefer "simple food, like partridge." What is this but Queen Marie Antoinette's advice to the French people to eat cake if they couldn't get bread?

If China sends fliers to Japan to bomb Tokyo, who can object? Nobody except a few pious fanatics who once read the words, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, Resist not evil, but whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also . . . Love your enemies . . . that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."

It is not enough for men to refuse to fight in war. Workers must refuse to make munitions; railroad men and seamen must refuse to transport them; chemists must refuse to make their formulas. Conscientious objection to war must be all-inclusive in the sense that it applies to everybody who has anything remotely to do with the hellish business.

Higher education is wonderful, *wonderful!* At the Columbia University Summer School this last year, Lou Gehrig, first-baseman of the New York Yankees, was a lecturer. We nominate Joe McCarthy for an LL.D. degree this next commencement.

From London comes the announcement that Professor James Gray, Cambridge zoologist, has proved that "fish have a mentality similar in every important category to that of man."

Poor fish!

J. H. H.

War in China

[This first-hand account of the bombing of Shanghai has great historical importance. It also has vivid contemporary interest as showing what war is and will be anywhere today. The material here presented consists of excerpts from family letters which have happily come into our hands.—EDITOR]

1—Refugees

I don't know at what hour Emily Post would decree that a first-class war should officially commence; all I know is that everyone who can read the newspapers, or who has friends, who knows someone who knows someone who knows everything, is convinced that some time tonight active hostilities begin. The sight of thousands of refugees all fleeing from this particular district, with their handful of personal belongings slung over their shoulders, and with sheer panic written over their faces, can't leave one feeling it's entirely rumor either. A few days ago the greater part of the exodus was by ricksha, today it's the people on foot, who couldn't afford a ricksha apparently before, and today have used what they could afford—their own foot and shoulder power. A particularly tragic sight is the frequent one of an old mother, hobbling along on bound feet, loaded with a few battered-looking household utensils, and a bundle of rags usually, clutching to some younger member of the family group. Although the thing that hurt me most to see today was such a little old lady, not clutching on to anyone, but timidly moving forward through the maelstrom of rickshas, bicycles, motor busses, trams, and army lorries, while hanging on to her waist followed her blind son, a man of about thirty-five, tapping his way after her as she would dart forward with a sudden burst of confidence, and then retreat in fright.

It was just about impossible to get any conveyance the latter part of this afternoon, and even walking was difficult. If I thought the streets were crowded the night I came, I realize now it was sheer ignorance. I am just beginning to realize what the word crowded can mean. Not only are the sidewalks practically impassable, but the tired refugees who have walked long distances are to be seen resting in groups on the sidewalks with all their stray belongings about them, and this does not make the congestion less. Add to all this the terrific uproar that is incessant; the hawking of "extras" in Chinese (and the Chinese are not known for their dulcet tones under *any* circumstances), and the loud, frightened chatter of all the people one passes; and the general effect is bedlam let loose, with the prospects of things getting no better fast.

Of course this Broadway Mansions location has its advantages as well as disadvantages. As I said before,

it's at the juncture of the Whangpoo River and Soochow Creek, and hostilities in 1932 centered right around here as the Japanese Concession is only a few blocks behind the hotel. Tonight I took a walk through these rear streets, and nine out of every ten shops were already boarded up, or the shopkeepers were packing. Yesterday it was a teeming beehive of merchandising activity. But I hear the Chinese were ordered out by 6 P. M. tonight, and the foreigners out by 3 P. M., and the swollen streams of human traffic did seem heaviest then.

Another gay little item is that the harbor is quarantined for cholera, it having been rampant in a southern port, and it takes three days for it to get to Shanghai via boat. Of course the cholera germs might be streamlined ones, with modern ideas, and take an airplane here, but, anyway, I think that I shall get a cholera vaccination tomorrow, partly with the thought that it may make me sick enough not to care whether there's a war or not. One can't look at the mobs pouring in without feeling they're probably bringing a lot of anti-Chinese germs with them, or maybe they are just anti-foreigners.

2—Bombs

After writing the enclosed letter, I looked out of a rear window just in time to see bombing planes drop four bombs. I watched one, fascinated, hit a few blocks away, and the building went up in a burst of flame. My desire to run was as great as that of those refugees fleeing in the streets below me, and I hurriedly packed, left my bags, and went over into the International Settlement over Garden Bridge. I booked passage to sail on the *S.S. President Taft* tomorrow morning, but a typhoon we are undergoing tonight may prevent its entrance into the harbor, and of course with the Japanese warships being bombarded by Chinese planes, they may not consider it safe to send passengers to the boat if the boat cannot come to the passengers! Anyway, twice while returning to the hotel for the bags, we were forced to seek shelter from bombs, and, as "foreigners," gates closed to the Chinese opened to us, and eventually we left the shelter of those friendly unknown buildings and got back to the Broadway Mansions. Leaving at 1 P. M., we were boarding the truck on which our bags were to go to the Cathay Hotel, when bombing began not far overhead, and we rushed for cover of a nearby garage, abandoning the baggage temporarily.

When we arrived at the Cathay, we discovered the bags had gone to the Cathay Mansions Hotel by mistake. While we were trying to retrieve them, terrific bombing began overhead, and within a few seconds a thunderous crash that seemed right above drove us down to the lobby, where we saw scenes probably already described in your papers—a few dying, hit by glass that broke from the concussion of a bomb hitting the famous Palace Hotel outside.

Outside, all of Nanking Road was a shambles, right in the very, very center of International Settlement. I did not look too closely as we were evacuated in an hour or so from the Cathay—apparently hit by accident in aiming for the Japanese warship a few blocks from the Cathay which is right on the waterfront—and led to the Metropole Hotel, considered safer.

Broken glass lined the usually gay streets (picture Fifth avenue an inch deep in shattered glass) and stretcher-bearers went about their grim tasks. A few automobiles had burned and were still flaming by the curbs.

I still find a terribly embarrassing tendency to glance at ceilings, walls, and windows before I sit down in any place, with also a hasty glance for the exit. I am afraid my future hosts and hostesses, assuming for the moment I shall be fortunate enough to have some in a brighter future, will never ask me twice, as a chandelier above me at a table would unnerve me. Moreover, I hereby serve notice that alarming doors, or other startling noises, will "positively not be encouraged!"

I certainly never thought the time would come when I would impatiently await the arrival of a typhoon, as was the case last night. We knew the planes would be less likely to bombard, and so it proved, and sleep was possible. The wind of course deflects the bombs considerably and they claim that was partly responsible for the Nanking Road tragedy . . . wind deflection, plus inexperience and panic on the part of the aviator when his first bomb was accidentally released, thereby loosening the second.

I took a walk this morning through this French quarter, and all the poor people who are homeless are huddled in every available doorway, scattered household utensils about, and stray bits of shabby coverings, where they are fortunate enough to possess any. The shops in the foyer of this hotel are of course all very ultra smart, and chic millinery windows are the background for this human wreckage; and little Chinese babies with gay bits of red ribbon run through uncombed braids lend the proper ironical note for the display behind. One shop is full of lovely antiques and art objects, gorgeously embroidered tapestries, and jade figurines. It is appropriately called "My Treasure Box," but the Treasure Box just now has an extra bit of facade, consisting of the rusty bedsteads of some villager, and the family was carefully guarding its own treasure as I passed. Sanitation of course is a terrible problem now, which cannot be ignored; aside from safety, I would dread pestilence if I remained. They were passing out one roll apiece to the refugees as I went by. In the face of their misery, one felt ashamed to pass by looking comparatively clean, well-fed, and happy. I shudder at many of the diseased looking people I pass, but discover that the diseases which made me shudder the first few days hardly even arouse my attention now—so again, its those old "relatives" creating the trouble!

3—Fire

I have just come down from witnessing a tragic sight, the burning of large sections of Chapei and, I fear, the new Civic Center, the flames clearly visible from my hotel on the upper floors. The booming of the shells is still heard at brief intervals and no one knows what destruction will be recorded by morning. The pity and horror of this whole situation have been growing steadily since my arrival, but today is by far the worst day.

Thousands of refugees are scattered over the little park right alongside the Bund, squatting there with their few miserable belongings, patiently waiting for they know not what, but apparently relieved that they have at least arrived in (comparative) safety in the International Settlement. Tonight ironically enough, a band concert is scheduled, which somehow seems a little bit superfluous in the midst of all the misery and

terror—although maybe it may take their minds off their troubles a little. I saw more horrible-looking skin conditions today than I have on any other day, and one wonders what the city of Shanghai will do to cope with the terrific sanitation problem that these refugees, squatting by the hundred on every block, are creating. I am planning to get a cholera vaccination tomorrow —just as an added precaution. Shanghai is being closely watched for an outbreak as they have had them in other cities.

Ambulances are screaming by at intervals, their huge red crosses visible from my eighth story window; an armored truck, manned I guess by the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, is outside the hotel door; the panicky roaring of the crowds these last few nights is giving way to a more ominous calm; and, all in all, Friday the 13th is doing itself proud.

I just took another look out of the window, and the flames are beginning to die down a little, which is somewhat comforting. They are only ten minutes away by ricksha, and four minutes by tram, you see; and, to add to the gaiety of nations, a bad typhoon is again expected to visit Shanghai tonight or tomorrow, and typhoon signals are posted! A typhoon might blow those uncomfortably close.

4—Escape

This is practically my first attempt at letter-writing since I arrived in Japan from the "front" in China. The wonder of still being alive, and all in one piece, was so overpowering that letter-writing seemed to go by the board, especially with the detail connected with the work as M. S. reached Kobe the day after I got through from Shanghai on the *President Taft*. When I saw her on the boat, with her arm in a sling (she fell and broke her wrist a week before reaching Japan), I was terribly shocked. Somehow it would have seemed more appropriate for me to be sporting the sling! We decided that I had the story, and she the wounds; so, henceforth, to all and sundry, she got the arm at Shanghai!

The worst hour of all was the morning of Monday, August 16. We were supposed to sail on the Dollar Line tender at eight o'clock from the Customs Pier, and go down the river to Woosung, at the mouth of the river, where the *Taft* was anchored waiting for us, as it would not have been safe for it to attempt to come up the river, and besides they could not get very far up as it was blockaded a short distance up above the Customs Pier. They had sunk several Chinese junks across the river to stop traffic upstream.

My roommate and companion during those days, Miss T., woke awhile before I did and aroused me, saying with a thrilling note of anticipation and relief; "Get up! We're *really* going to leave!" Her exultant tone stirred something in me, and my heart leaped up in gladness and relief. I had not allowed myself to have any feelings during those days other than living for the moment. I realized we might be struck at any time, that it was entirely a matter of chance, and so my whole viewpoint was one of suspended animation, so to speak; whatever happened would be—kismet, and so the thrill that shot through me was a major reaction of a definite hope for survival, and I was faintly surprised at myself. I hadn't known how far my subconscious had retreated from expecting to get out of Shanghai in safety. I therefore jumped up to get dressed, BUT as I started across the room, suddenly I heard a sound that made my stomach just turn a somersault—that of big cannons beginning to boom. I realized they must be firing many, many miles away but the ominous roar they make, as they go off with frightful regularity at brief intervals, baffles my ability to describe. All the tales I'd ever heard of the Big Berthas bombing Paris rushed to my mind, and as the typhoon was still blowing outside and loose objects were being torn from buildings and crashing, one just didn't know whether the cannon were finding targets, or whether the storm was taking its toll. We had been hoping, too, that the typhoon would keep the airplanes down and give our nerves a little relief, and cannon just hadn't entered into my own calculations! So the fear was doubly intensified. The other girl hurriedly went downstairs (for the greater comfort of numbers in the lobby) and I fumblingly dressed in world's record time, thinking as I dressed that I must pick something to wear that could last a long time if I had to abandon everything but the clothes on my back. Commonsense returned after a few minutes, and I realized that the cannon were probably shelling in a different direction, as we were in the French International quarter; I stopped worrying about our immediate danger.

In the lobby, the wonderful people at the desk who had been so marvellously reassuring during the time of our enforced stay at the Cathay Mansions, for the first time seemed a trifle flustered and agitated. The manageress, a Mrs. Dickman, or something like that, told me that they had decided it was best to go through with the plan of departure and she was trying desperately to get our baggage and our persons down to the Customs Pier, about three miles away. Of course no taxis or rickshas or other conveyances were eager to go down around the Bund, where the Customs Pier is located, as newspapers had carried headlines to the effect that the Bund was to be bombed in all likelihood as an indirect result of efforts to hit the various warships alongside it! They finally managed with the use of their own hotel trucks and a few private automobiles, all liberally draped in British flags, to pile us in, and off we started. I preferred to sit in front with the driver of the truck, so I could see the devastation as we passed through the section of Edward VII road where a bomb had been dropped, also on Saturday, August 14th, and had killed and wounded almost a thousand, leaving frightful ruin in every form. I saw the burnt remains of about fifteen automobiles all lined up on the road where they were traveling as death fell from the air. Most of them were ignited at once and the occupants trapped. The smell of burnt rubber and wood was still faintly discernible. I saw a large crowd standing around the big hole the bomb made in the pavement, a hole big enough for a car to fall into, I understand, but I did not see the hole itself as we were wasting no time in our dash for the Pier! The poor Chinese were scurrying about everywhere we passed; everyone looking distracted; the wrecked buildings in that section permitting no one to forget for a second the insecurity in which all existed while planes could fly overhead and do their work; and whether the bombs were dropped by design, or accidentally, seemed to matter very little! Time and time again I felt that I had made a great error in choosing the b.c. movement; that I should have joined a movement to improve the notoriously poor eyesight of the Chinese. Be it known to all and sundry that I'm all in favor of bigger, brighter,

and more spectacular flags, and preferably flags with sound-effects too. An American Flag that would automatically play the "Star Spangled Banner" as one leaped for shelter was what I longed for many a time.

We reached the Bund and Pier at 7:30 and had a half-hour to wait before starting. As I've stated in previous letters, the Broadway Mansions (where I'd lived until Saturday morning, when the sight of a bomb dropping on a building and simultaneously sending it up in wreckage and flames had made me personally decide that evacuation would be good for my health!) fronted on the right-angle bend of the Whangpoo River and Soochow Creek, about five blocks away from the Customs Pier, looking south towards the part of the river where we had to go to get to the *Taft*. I thought it would be rather interesting for me to take a movie shot of the "old homestead." I went to the upper deck and was taking the sky-line, when to my horror into my camera finder flew some airplanes!! My hand continued to wind away automatically but I shall not know until I return to America whether I got the pictures, as I left the films in bond until my departure from Japan. But I know that I was trembling and I probably got some plain sky, with nothing visible in it! Part of the time I just pointed the camera and hoped for the best, as, simultaneously with the appearance of the four or five planes, the anti-aircraft tattoo began, and inasmuch as our Dollar Line tender was midway between two destroyers of the country that was doing the tattooing and which shall be unnamed, our position was none too enviable. It's an awful feeling to hear that concussion of sound breaking around one's head, and to see people fly from the wharf, running like mad for shelter, and to have to make one's decision whether to run also for an allegedly-concrete safe building a few blocks away, or to stay where one was on a little boat and hope for the best. Personally I was afraid the boat might slip off and leave me stranded so I stayed on it, but hope honestly left me then and there, and for the first time I felt it was asking too much of Providence to expect to get through safely.

About a quarter to nine a dozen or more United States Marines boarded the boat, though I'll never understand just what purpose they were supposed to accomplish—but they did *look* reassuring. I think the idea was that if the crew got frightened, or something, they would preserve law and order. At 8:55 we started, and planes were still zooming back and forth above us. They sent us all down deep into the tender to the cabin, and many put on life-preservers, and they asked us to keep away from portholes lest we be hit by stray shrapnel. The hour-and-a-half run past all the warships seemed an eternity, and stray glimpses of shattered buildings along the wharves as we went by were not exactly reassuring either. But about 10:30 they said we could go up on deck, and there our eyes beheld the blessed vision of the *S. S. Taft* in the distance. It just seemed impossible that it could really be. The folks on deck cheered us as we drew alongside, and we tried to make appropriate sounds too. From the *Taft* they had been watching the flashes of the cannon all morning, and of course they got their full share of the "sound and fury" of the cannon. The anti-aircraft guns sound precisely like heavy claps of thunder, and I wonder when I will be able again to hear thunder without recoiling inside! "Unnecessary noises" still startle me and I still look for the nearest exit as I walk through hotel corridors with a caculating eye. I shall probably also have a strong aversion hereafter to ceiling fixtures that can fall about one's ears in times of stress!

"Dick" Sheppard, Soldier of Peace*

TRACY D. MYGATT

If any soul marches on, "Dick" Sheppard's does, and we cannot think of him as dead. He was Hugh Richard Lawrie Sheppard, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, former Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, former Dean of Canterbury, a man with half-a-dozen titles after his name, the author of half-a-dozen books, the newly and gloriously elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, the man who lying in his bier all night in honor at St. Martin's received the tribute of countless thousands, whose burial was intoned at the great Cathedral of which he was Canon, and who, passing into Canterbury, was mourned by thousands when they bore him to his last rest. Why do we remember him now? What was his secret? Well, his secret, I think, was in that other name, that other self, in which he gathered up, as it were, both selves, epitomized in the two simple names in which we love him and shall remember him forever—"Dick" Sheppard, most valiant soldier of Peace.

It was in the way that he transcended all the titles and honors which to lesser men become millstones about the neck, and became plain "Dick" Sheppard. In the way that he transcended all the usual boundaries, all the ordinary barriers, and made his soul a land of No-Frontier, internationalist, pacifist, war resister, refusing the childish barriers of race and nation that keep man apart from his brother man, and welcoming the "enemy" world to his England, knowing she would be but the stronger and more lasting without the armament he cursed, safe—and only safe—when countless others took the clear-cut stand of his own Peace Pledge Union, the glorious stand of the War Resisters' International!

"'Dick" Sheppard was no halfway person. He went the whole way. In his young manhood he went as chaplain to the Great War; as war-resister in his maturity, to the greater war. Back in the thirteenth century he would have been there with St. Francis, in the tent of the Soldan, pleading for reconciliation while the hostile armies mocked. Don't forget that just a few years ago he was one of the

*An address delivered on last Armistice Eve before the New York Branch of the War Resisters' League in honor of the late Canon Sheppard. The author is an author and playwright, and a life-long worker for peace.—*Editor.*

men who volunteered for that "Army of Peace," which Maud Royden was organizing in England, to go as a man who offered himself, if there could but be a way arranged, to go, unarmed, with those other soldiers of Peace, between the opposing forces—a proposal that sounded so mad to some and so beautiful to some of the rest of us.

Well, he didn't go between the "opposing forces." He did what was perhaps a harder thing—he spurred his failing body onward, remorselessly, to do that work for England and for mankind which "Dick" Sheppard knew was the most urgent work any of us can do in this present. He gave battle in a day-by-day, hour-by-hour, almost minute-by-minute struggle with his literally failing breath, addressing those tremendous mass-meetings, traveling up and down England, coming to us, worn and weary as he was, bringing to us here in the United States the clear example of his gallantry and humor and love, forcing his body to perform the mandate of his mind and spirit. Such delicious humor he had! Do you remember his own account of General Crozier's imitation of himself, addressing a mass-meeting, with constant recourse to his asthma inhalator?

I wonder if, with the jokes and laughter he let us share, he sometimes smiled a little to himself, when doctors warned him of the inevitable end if he persisted in such labors. I wonder if he wanted to say quietly, in the words that T. S. Eliot gives that great early figure of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, when the cowardly monks beg him to flee, "I am not in danger, only near to death."

At least we can say, very surely, that to him on whose soul was written "No-Frontier," there was, as for Francis before him, very little boundary between this strange state we call life and that other, death. Surely to dear "Dick" Sheppard, it was only "Sister Death"!

But while he was with us, how he lived! How he loved that fight against war! Only eight days before his death, you all know what a glorious victory he had at Glasgow where he won overwhelmingly over all the candidates, Scottish National, Labor, Popular Front, and carried the day for pacifism, when, most clearly on his record as founder of the Peace Pledge Union, he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. It was no mere academic honor that he won. It was a victory for peace and war resistance and disarmament. "War of every kind or for any cause is not only a denial of Christianity but a crime against humanity which is no longer to be permitted by civilized people," he wrote, in a momentous statement to the press on October 16, 1934. It was the foundation of the Peace Pledge Union. "I renounce war and I will never support or sanction another." That was his battle cry, the cry that one hundred and sixty thousand have echoed, a cry clear and forthright as the man himself. War to him was murder. England's rearmament program anathema. He knew where he stood.

I love to think of that photograph of him, published in *Peace News* (that irresistible pacifist sheet that we here can only envy). He is standing in the rain, umbrella-less. The bystanders have the umbrellas. "Dick" Sheppard has more important things to think of than weather! For across his back and front is a placard of disarmament and war resistance. Quite simply and humbly he is making of his own frail body the means to carry, "sandwich" fashion, the news of a mass-meeting, the advertisement of the message in which he believed to the roots of his being. Think of our great men here doing a thing so humble as that! Yet why not?

Oh, to us who are older than you who have told us of your childhood memories of the Great War, to us whose eyes and hearts have so long ached for the end of this unspeakable war system, it does seem incredible that more men and women who have achieved greatness in the war and the post-war years, do not come forward and help us! The best of them all are no better than he who has died. To my own mind, there is none of them so great as he. When will they cease to stand aloof, and come forward, putting their shoulders to the wheel? It is the greatest cause of our generation. The best is none too good to serve.

So tonight, with its inescapable echoes of the tramp of many feet which have gone from us, "Dick" Sheppard is very near. For this is a night—as the eve on which he died, the eve of All Saints (oh, what a time to die, and be remembered!)—when to the least mystical of us the dead draw very close. Somewhere, out there in the beyond, surely he is at hand to help us, and hearten us for the work which is so bitterly hard to do in time. A cloud of witnesses, indeed, out there in the strange corridors beyond! The host of the Soldier Dead, betrayed and desperate, listening for the proclamation of the truth for lack of which they died. The conscientious objectors, dead of militarist torture and imprisonment, or still alive in our world waiting for the world-wide acceptance of the truth which will make men free.

So, in the jails of Europe, they sit waiting, waiting for the wheel to turn. And I love to think of those flowers that Runham Brown sent for the War Resisters' International, so that they might all—"Dick" Sheppard's comrades—symbolically be present at that coffin to which many of the greatest men and women of England also brought their tribute. Only today I had the letter from him, telling how in the midst of their grief, there kept pouring in messages from all the land, pledging new faith and labor in memory of the comrade who had gone—but not too far!

So indeed "Dick" Sheppard lives. His dust lies at Canterbury. New dust—a new shrine—a new pilgrim! And it may well be if, for all the brave efforts, the England that some of us love so very dearly is not saved, but perishes of the death she has prepared for others, it may be that in the days to come when Big Ben no longer strikes the hour, when the needy whom "Dick" Sheppard loved to serve no longer throng to his St. Martin's, because there is no St. Martin's, no Trafalgar monument, no beautiful Houses of Parliament along that lovely Embankment where his coffin passed, no pomp, no panoply, it may be that after all the agony and terror and destruction which will not be God's will, but man's folly, there will wind some day to Canterbury—to the blackened ruins which *were* Canterbury—a file of new pilgrims, come to rest and pray, and then go forth to new labor after kneeling at the grave of "Dick" Sheppard, thrice valiant soldier of Peace!

A Significant Occasion*

S. O. LEVINSON

Human nature is a curious animal. It likes praise, it revels in it, it is thrilled by it, when it comes in a quiet, roundabout way. But sincerely as I know it is meant, it seems uncanny, unreal, embarrassing. None the less I am grateful to the limit of my emotions for your appreciation, your magnanimous words, and your high tribute.

The real fact is that I knew only a few, a living handful of your members in 1932, and had no relationship at the time with the Church itself. But I had known your great leader for many years. Acquaintance had ripened into friendship, friendship into intimacy, and intimacy into deep admiraton and affection. For John Haynes Holmes is one of nature's noblemen, one of God's best children, a man of extraordinary ability and energy, inspired by the highest ideals, devoted to the multifarious service of humanity. No man in our country has a wider or deeper sense of responsibility to his fellow man than Doctor Holmes. When I speak of Holmes I fall into a seeming hyperbole of which, however, I am *not* ashamed. For I have never known a man more true to his convictions, more unselfish in his impulses and deeds, more steadfast as a friend. His high repute is national in its extent and an immeasurable asset to the Community Church. And if I may be pardoned for crediting myself with a small fraction of the "luck and merit" so generously ascribed to me today, I want to add I probably have no other friend for whom I would have undertaken so huge and unpromising a task. From the moment I heard of the misfortune that had come to him, for his Church is himself, every fibre of my being responded to the inspiration of a desire to save him from the deep pit into which chance had thrown him, and to capitalize my friendship and affection for him in terms of attempted rescue and restoration. To serve such a man in such a crisis seemed to me far more of an opportunity than a burden. And I have been super-abundantly repaid. I have discharged my debt of friendship, though I have often thought that while a debt of friendship may mature, it can never be paid off. I have helped to save an invaluable institution for the timeless future, and I have made a host of new friends whose coöperation has warmed my heart and whose encouragement has made success possible. Many of these faces I see in this room today.

I have just said I have been amply repaid. This is not quite accurate for I want to ask a personal favor of the Church members. I would exact a promise from you that in the early future Dr. Holmes' work be sufficiently lightened to enable him to write his greatest unwritten books. For your pastor has been so beset with the miscellaneous duties and cares of a human Atlas that he has not had a chance to show his real genius. He must have more time to think, to reflect, to philosophize, and then to write. I want to see Holmes at his greatest best. Will you do it?

There could not be a more fitting time for the recognition of the value of the free and universal aspect of religion as exemplified by the Community Church of New York. Perhaps the only criticism that could ordinarily be leveled at this institution by other church organizations is its lack of theological creed, its too broad and loose interpretation of religion; in short, its attempt to cover too much ground within the limits of one church. But that criticism, however well-founded from the strict viewpoint of denominationalism, even of Protestantism, Catholicism, or Judaism, only serves, in my humble opinion, to emphasize its extraordinary worth today. For the Community Church furnishes the greatest possible contrast to the alarming status of religion in Middle Europe. There the government is more and more putting the screws of cruel pressure on all religions and religious denominations. In that region men and women, if indeed they can worship God at all, must do so, not according to the dictates of their own consciences, but in accordance with the conscienceless decrees of a dictator.

Try to imagine, if you will, a Community Church in Berlin, to which all Protestants, all Catholics, all Jews are welcome; where they can worship at their own respective shrines, or at least satisfy their varying religious devotions in a common community of souls, without "benefit of clergy," without fear of prison or concentration camps. Indeed, to what small unimportant compass do our varied differences of creeds and ceremonies shrink in the face of a frontal attack by a sovereign government on the very fundamentals of all these three great religions? This thought comes to me today and dwarfs all others. In sorrow and anguish we see the obsolete and barbarous duel restored to make might right even as between individuals; we see sovereign power seized and held by violence, by murder, and by the ruthless crushing of minorities; we see the Master supplanted by the anti-Christ stalking through the land and ravaging the souls of men.

In such times as these should not this free America of ours rise to its spiritual height, insisting upon the freedom of the soul to follow its vision to its fulfillment; upon spiritual security as well as, nay, of vastly higher value than, social security? And should not all Americans at least put in abeyance the minor differences that have so weakened and divided us, and bind ourselves more closely together in this common cause of spiritual justice? Let us fight together, not with guns, but with the weapons of our souls, the common enemy that seeks to destroy our spiritual existence. Hence should not all of us who believe in God and in the freedom of conscience declare a truce among ourselves, establish a unified organization, whose slogan, directed to the would-be enslavers of our souls should be—"They shall not pass." To such divine service the Community Church of New York is dedicated by the very spirit of its being.

*This address was delivered in New York City, at a luncheon given by the Community Church in honor of S. O. Levinson, and in recognition of and gratitude for his priceless services in recovering for the church its historic property and site for its proposed new building. During four years Mr. Levinson gave his services as lawyer and friend and led the movement which saved the Community Church from complete disaster.—*Editors.*

A.F. of L. *Versus* C.I.O. Controversy

MARGARET J. SCHMIDT

The Committee for Industrial Organization is a dual organization within the American Federation of Labor, charges William Green. The C.I.O. is not a dual organization, but is organizing the unorganized workers, counters John L. Lewis. Other charges and countercharges have been made by the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. in the controversy which has been going on since November, 1935. To the public, this controversy which has shaken the American labor movement has appeared to be sudden, but actually the basis was laid long ago.

One of the earliest (1879) labor organizations in the United States, the Knights of Labor, resembled an industrial union; i. e., all workers were included regardless of their skill. However, the skilled workers in the organization decided that it would be to their interests to organize themselves on the basis of skills. By the beginning of this century, the American Federation of Labor, an organization on craft lines, had supplanted the Knights of Labor.

As industry became increasingly mechanized, semi-skilled and unskilled workers replaced the skilled workers, and the problem of organizing these workers arose. As early as 1901 the United Mine Workers demanded jurisdiction to organize all workers in the coal industry regardless of skill or type of work. The brewery workers and the longshoremen made similar demands. There was opposition to these requests, but the way was left open for the formation of industrial unions in certain industries, such as the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

The present controversy grew out of recent demands for the organization of workers in the basic industries, such as steel, rubber, flat glass, and automobiles. The Executive Council of the A.F. of L. was authorized at the 1934 convention "to issue charters for national and international unions in the automotive, cement, aluminum and other mass production industries." Attempts had been made previously to organize the workers in the enumerated industries, but such attempts had been unsuccessful. The Council was also authorized to conduct an organization drive in the steel and iron industries. The same convention enlarged the Executive Council to include several advocates of industrial unionism. At the close of the convention it was believed by many observers that the way had been opened for the organization of the basic industries.

Soon after the 1934 convention representatives of craft unions called attention to provisions of the constitution of the A.F. of L. which prohibit the issuing of charters without a clear definition of the jurisdiction of the new union, and, if the jurisdiction claimed by the new union is a trespass on the jurisdiction of an existing union, unless the latter gives written consent yielding its jurisdiction. For example, the Machinist Union had the right to organize all machinists regardless of the industry in which they were employed. This union might have made no effort to organize these machinists, yet no other union might organize these workers even though the latter union were organizing an entire industry.

The Executive Council reported at the next A.F. of L. Convention, held at Atlantic City in 1935, that charters, granting *limited* jurisdiction to the automobile workers, the rubber industry, and other industries, had been issued. It had made no special effort to organize the steel industry. This report met with dissatisfaction from many of the delegates who had understood that the action taken at the previous convention meant that the charters would give complete jurisdiction in an industry to an industrial union.

Nine resolutions were introduced requesting charters for industrial unions in specific industries and thirteen resolutions called for industrial unions to replace existing national and international craft unions.

The majority of the resolutions committee recommended the continuance of the policy adopted by the 1934 convention. The minority pointed out that the unorganized workers in industry were yet unorganized. Of thirty-nine million workers only three and one-half million were members of unions. The minority insisted that unrestricted charters for industrial unions should be granted for mass production industries and that the Executive Council should be instructed to undertake an organization campaign for that purpose. It was also the contention of the minority that it was not their purpose to take away any members or potential members from national unions, but to organize workers in mass production industries upon industrial and plant lines, regardless of claims of jurisdiction. Although there is an inconsistency in this claim, the debate showed that what the minority desired was to organize industrial unions where the craft unions had no foothold, without these same craft unions disrupting such industrial unions by making jurisdictional claims. The majority report was adopted by a vote of 18,024 to 10,933.

A month later the representatives of eight international unions met in Washington. This group included John L. Lewis, president of the United Mines Workers of America, Sydney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, Charles P. Howard of the International Typographical Union, Harvey C. Flemming of the Oil Field, Gas, Well and Refinery Workers, Thomas F. McMahon of the United Textile Workers, M. Zaritsky of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union, and Thomas Brown of the International Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. These representatives formed the Committee for Industrial Organization whose avowed purpose was to encourage and promote the organization of workers in the mass production and unorganized industries of the nation and affiliation with the A.F. of L. John Brophy of the United Mine Workers of America was selected to direct the organizational work of the C.I.O.

For the past two years the battle has raged between the two groups of the American labor movement. Not all the details can be enumerated here, but the most important events, and present trends and developments can be indicated.

Several days after the eight representatives met in Washington an open letter was sent to these men by President William Green. In the letter Green pointed out that an effort to organize a movement within an organization would produce confusion, tend to produce a line of cleavage and might result in dual or rival

organization. Before the end of November, Lewis resigned as one of the vice-presidents of the A.F. of L.

At the January meeting of the Executive Council of the A.F. of L., it was decided by a vote of 11 to 6 to urge the C.I.O. to dissolve and to cease activities which might challenge the supremacy of the A.F. of L., and a committee was appointed to confer with the C.I.O. to this end.

A letter addressed to all bodies directly chartered by the A.F. of L. was sent by President Green on February 20. The letter stated that the Executive Council was determined to prevent the establishment of any organization within the A.F. of L. which might approximate a dual organization. The letter warned these bodies against giving any support to such an organization.

Three days later Lewis announced that the C.I.O would contribute $500,000 toward a fund of $1,500,000 to carry on an organizing campaign in the steel industry, but with this stipulation that the committee must be assured that the workers would be organized into one industrial union. In March Mr. Green announced that at the January Executive Council meeting a plan to organize the steel industry, requiring a fund of $750,000, had been decided upon and he urged that a conference of all organizations interested and affected be called.

The committee appointed by the Executive Council of the A.F. of L. to deal with the C.I.O. ordered the latter committee in May to dissolve within two weeks. The order was not carried out and a conference followed between the two groups. The C.I.O defended its position by claiming that it had been instructed by its member unions to proceed with organization in mass production industries, that these unions were autonomous bodies and the demand of the A.F. of L. was a presumptuous one; that craft unions had no "vested property rights" in the workers in mass production industries and that the craft unions seemed to be largely concerned about who gets the per capita tax. The C.I.O. pointed out it was concerned in trying to help mass production workers to organize and affiliate with the A.F. of L. and consequently the latter would receive such per capita tax which would be used for the development of the whole American labor movement.

Late in June the C.I.O. unions were cited to appear before the Executive Council and answer charges that they were establishing a dual or rival organization to the A.F. of L. The order was ignored. During the next month the automobile and rubber unions joined the committee.

The Executive Council announced that it had adopted rules giving it power to suspend international unions from the A.F. of L. No such power is granted by the constitution, and the provision for revoking charters of all unions requires a two-thirds vote of the convention. Again the Council ordered the C.I.O. unions to appear for trial on August 3, 1936, on the charge of fostering dual unionism.

The C.I.O. refused to stand trial pointing out that only the convention had the power of suspension; that suspension would disqualify the unions from sending delegates to the convention and voting on the question of terminating membership in the A.F. of L. At the meeting of the Executive Council, David Dubinsky of the I.L.G.W.U. urged that the contemplated action be postponed until the convention. He added that his union would abide by a majority decision rather than the two-thirds vote required by the constitution. Dubinsky's right to be at the Executive Council meeting was questioned, since his union would be one affected by the Council's decision. Dubinsky countered that Mr. Green's union, the United Mine Workers, was in a similar position. Mr. Green ruled that Mr. Dubinsky had a right to be at the meeting.

The Council voted to suspend the ten unions of the C.I.O. unless they withdrew from the committee by September 5, with Mr. Dubinsky dissenting. The latter soon resigned from the Executive Council. The reason for suspension was not industrial versus craft unionism, but suspension was required because these unions were members of a dual, rival organization within the A.F. of L. None of the suspended unions withdrew from the C.I.O. on the required date. A deluge of protests followed the order from local unions, central labor bodies, and state federations, protesting the order of the Executive Council. The order had the effect of ousting from the A.F. of L. approximately one-third of the membership.

Moderates on each side sought compromise, with the objective of establishing unity in the labor movement. But when the Executive Council began making overtures to individuals, the moderates in the C.I.O. bloc protested that action leading to unity must be collective. Almost a year after its formation, the C.I.O. met to survey its record. Reports on organization from steel, automobile, flat glass, and rubber industries were most encouraging. Two more unions, the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America and the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, applied for membership in the C.I.O. Lewis stated he would attempt to have these unions made a part of the A.F. of L., provided no jurisdictional disputes were made or democratic rights suppressed. He added, "If that be dualism, let Green make the most of it." The statement was a gesture since each of the applying unions had already been refused charters.

At the A.F. of L. convention at Tampa in November, 1936, the convention voted to uphold the suspension order of the Executive Council. Delegates from C.I.O. unions were not seated at the convention. At this time the C.I.O.-A.F. of L. controversy began to be overshadowed by the organizing activity of the C.I.O.

The drive to organize the automobile industry was gaining momentum and by the middle of December the United Auto Workers approached the officials of General Motors for a contract. During the month, one after another of the plants in various sections of the country closed until the climax was reached with the sit-down strike in the Fisher Body plants in Flint. After much negotiation and a series of conferences, coupled with threats of violence, General Motors granted a six-month collective bargaining contract for the striking plants.

Lewis in his speech to the United Auto Workers Convention this past August pointed out that, during the time these negotiations were going on, Green telephoned Governor Murphy not to permit any agreement to be reached by the U.A.W. and General Motors. Such a request on the part of Green was interpreted by Lewis to be a move to break the delicate balance which existed between the representatives of the union and the corporation in the conferences to settle the strike.

Early in 1937 a move was made to deprive Green of his membership in the United Mine Workers. The action was taken in the local union to which Green belonged, but nothing was accomplished here. James Petrillo, president of the Chicago Federation of Musi-

cians, announced at the time that Green was a member of his local and consequently there was no possibility of his being deprived of union membership. Lewis has stated that the case of William Green will be on the agenda of the United Mine Workers convention which is scheduled for January, 1938.

The contract with General Motors was followed by one in the Chrysler plants. The public was startled in April to learn that the Steel Workers Organizing Committee had signed a contract with the United States Steel Corporation. This contract marked the end of fifty years of struggle for recognition of the union in the steel industry.

At about the same time all central labor bodies received letters from William Green calling upon these bodies to be loyal and give no further representation to locals affiliated with the C.I.O. This letter was handled in a variety of ways depending largely upon the local situation. In some local bodies the letter was read and put on file by the secretary and no action was taken by the delegate body. This occurred in localities where the A.F. of L. unions represented a small proportion of the organized workers in the community and it was necessary for them to coöperate closely with the C.I.O. unions. The Flint Federation of Labor is such an example. In a number of other cities, the C.I.O. delegates were refused their places on the floor without being given an opportunity to defend themselves or the position of their unions. This happened in St. Louis and Milwaukee, to name but two of the central bodies who had to act upon this letter. In Chicago the action taken was not so clear cut. The letter was read and placed on file, but no discussion of its contents was allowed. For a time delegates from C.I.O. unions were allowed to sit on the floor, but could speak on no motions. Finally, these delegates were suspended. At the present time these persons have the privilege of visiting the meetings. One federal union was ousted and some A.F. of L. locals were threatened with suspension unless certain of their members ceased C.I.O. activity or were replaced as delegates to the Chicago Federation of Labor by other persons.

At the June Executive Council meeting, Green announced the levying of a special tax for the purpose of carrying on a campaign against the C.I.O. Reports show that there has been little success in collecting this tax. For example, the American Federation of Teachers decided at their convention not to pay this levy.

As one after another of the international unions have held their conventions this year, the question of C.I.O. affiliation has come up on the floor. The American Newspaper Guild voted to affiliate with the C.I.O., but immediately five chapters called for a referendum on the actions of the convention. It is impossible to discuss all of the conventions which have taken such action or the new unions which have been authorized by the C.I.O. to undertake organizing campaigns. However, of special significance was the conference of business, clerical, and professional employes held in Philadelphia this past May. Out of this conference came the formation of the Office and Professional Workers Union. There are two divisions in this union; one which includes office and clerical workers and the other which is termed the Social Service Employes Union. At the convention of the American Federation of Teachers this past August, the question of C.I.O. affiliation was raised, but it was decided to submit the question to a referendum held no sooner than February 1, 1938.

Another trend that has developed in the past six months has been the increasing demand for unity within the ranks of the American Labor Movement. Such resolutions have been introduced in the Massachusetts Federation of Labor Convention and the New York Federation of Labor Convention. The resolution was not adopted in either instance. C.I.O. delegates were not seated at the Illinois Federation of Labor convention this September, but the question of bringing the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. together at the A.F. of L. convention at Denver was raised. A resolution for unity received the almost unanimous support of the convention. There was particular mention made of the success which C.I.O. unions had achieved in the campaign to organize unorganized workers. These actions of recent state conventions indicate that the bringing together of representatives from the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. for a conference on unity is becoming a greater possibility.

In recent strikes there has been coöperation between local C.I.O. unions and A.F. of L. unions. One of the most recent of such examples was the coöperation in the recent meat strike in Buffalo, New York.

The results of the referendum held by the American Newspaper Guild are now known. The Guild voted for C.I.O. affiliation, 3,392 to 1,691. The results of the referendum had no more than been announced when Green issued the following prepared statement. "All news and editorial employes of newspapers throughout the country will be invited to join federal unions organized by the A.F. of L. It is expected members of the Guild who voted against its political policies will form the nucleus of this organization." The new union "will be accorded the fullest support by the mechanical trades unions of the A.F. of L. which for years have been solidly entrenched in the newspaper business."

On September 2, 1937, Green made the following statement.

> "Let them [the C.I.O. unions] come back just as they are, with their increased membership. We will recognize them, with their increased voting strength, and tell them to take the places they left. The issue of craft versus industrial unionism would still remain. But we could fight it out in the true democratic way within the family of labor—not between two warring groups as we are fighting today. The longer this fight goes on, the more complicated the issues become."

Yet in the same news release Green announced that the A.F. of L. Executive Council revoked the charter of the West Virginia Federation of Labor for admitting C.I.O. delegates to its annual convention. Green announced that the A.F. of L. would reorganize the state federation at a convention of loyal unions.

At the A.F. of L. Convention, meeting at Denver this past October, unity of the American Labor Movement was raised on several occasions. One of the first questions was the seating, as a delegate, of Charles P. Howard, president of the International Typographical Union. Mr. Howard in an individual capacity has worked with the C.I.O. since its formation, although his international has remained in the A.F. of L. He was denied his place as a delegate late in the convention. Resolutions urged unity in the ranks of labor, but resolutions granting the Executive Council power to expel C.I.O. unions and authorizing the raising of a large sum to fight C.I.O. organization were adopted.

Before the A.F. of L. convention adjourned,

leaders of thirty-two C.I.O. internationals met in Atlantic City to review their work. This group maintained its original purpose that organizing the unorganized must continue. A telegram was sent to the A.F. of L. convention urging that one hundred delegates from the A.F. of L. meet with one hundred from the C.I.O. to discuss plans for achieving unity in the labor movement. Two other telegrams were exchanged between the two groups.

Conversations between A.F. of L. and C.I.O. representatives looking toward unifying the two groups began in Washington the last week of October. At the first adjournment it appeared that an impasse had been reached. Probably because of rank and file pressure on the officials of the A.F. of L. the two committees began to explore jurisdictional claims, keeping success in organizing industries in mind.

It is not yet certain that these conversations will be successful, but the first steps toward the reunification of the labor movement have been taken. Perhaps a unified labor movement with a membership more than twice that of November, 1935, will soon be a reality.

Study Table

Book Notes

MAN'S SEARCH FOR THE GOOD LIFE. *By A. Eustace Haydon. 269 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.*

Thoroughly at home with his facts, lucid and graceful in style, humanly idealistic in purpose, A. Eustace Haydon has given us a statement of religious thought resulting from patient research and clear social vision. This is a work that will receive grateful attention from modern students of religions. It is the most comprehensive book thus far published interpreting the "creative drive of religions" in terms of the "tireless questing of man for ever greater human fulfillment," and showing "the way in which the meaning of religions has been clarified since the advent of the social sciences." There is abundant appreciation of religions in various stages of development, but not once does Haydon make concessions to the spiritually devastating "modernistic," or the equally devastating "iconoclastic." His way of viewing the religions is culturally organic, and definitely earthy. The good life for man, made real on earth by means of modern knowledge, scientific techniques, and flexible intelligence, is the central theme of the book as it is the central purpose of religions.

First, there are clarifying chapters dealing with the traditional and with the scientific interpretations of religions, followed by a discussion of the nature of religions. Next, the early religions are presented from the point of view of the practical nature of the desires that created their ideals, techniques, and world views. The early ideal of a satisfying life of human fellowship having failed through lack of knowledge and instrumentalities, the religions sought courage amid the frustrations of life by projecting a future ideal society guaranteed by divine powers. But having never completely lost the early ideal and now equipped with "larger knowledge and the more adequate tools of the modern age," the religions are returning to the earth to build at last on solid foundations the age-old dream of a good life for man.

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REDISCOVERING THE ADOLESCENT. *By Hedley S. Dimock. 287 pp. New York: Association Press. $2.75.*

A fresh and factual study in a field where for too long there has been much speculation but little understanding. The character of the book is evidence that Dimock knows the importance of the interrelated nature of the data involved in the study. It should be widely read and pondered by students of adolescence, and it should be required reading for leaders in the group-work field.

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SOCIAL WORK YEAR BOOK 1937. *Russell H. Kurtz, Editor. 709 pp. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. $4.00.*

The Fourth Edition of *Social Work Year Book,* 1937, like its predecessors, is an invaluable reference volume on social work and handbook of social agencies. For the general reader it furnishes accurate information in fields all too little known, and for the social worker it either clarifies his experiences and opinions, or furnishes an intelligent point of departure. The section on the illusive subject of group work, which was so strikingly inadequate in previous volumes, has now become an illuminating statement by an authority in the field.

* * *

THE WHITE SAHIBS IN INDIA. *By Reginald Reynolds. 410 pp. London: Martin Secker and Warburg Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.*

Realistic as to facts, idealistic as to Indian aspirations, this work is an authoritative, elaborately documented statement of English imperialism in India from the days of "John Company" in the year 1600 to the present-day Indian Renaissance. There is a foreword by Jawaharlal Nehru.

* * *

MOSCOW 1937. *By Lion Feuchtwanger. 151 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.*

A clear, clean-cut utterance of a far-seeing observer, this work summarizes revolutionary achievements in Russia, shows the stability of the people's government, and gently but pointedly lays bare the weakness of western intellectuals who too readily accept and join in with criticism of the Soviet Republic.

* * *

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGIOUS LIVING. *By Karl R. Stolz. 375 pp. Nashville, Tenn.: Cokesbury Press.*

A thoughtful work, from a liberal evangelical point of view, the purpose of which is to promote religious maturity on a tolerant theistic basis.

CURTIS W. REESE.

(*Continued on page* 116)

Study Table

(*Continued from page* 115)

Beyond Humanism

BEYOND HUMANISM. *By Charles Hartshorne. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Company. $2.50.*

The blurb on this book makes this guarded statement: "In this significant work, Professor Hartshorne launches against Humanism a devastating attack from which it may never recover." Just what is meant by Humanism? Evidently the author means a movement larger than that represented by the "humanist manifesto" of a few years ago. He clearly makes his attack on every form of "man-centered philosophy": the instinct philosophy of Freud and his numerous disciples, Marxism, Santayana's romantic materialism, Russell's pessimism, and so on. It is especially interesting to note that his attack falls also on the logical positivism taught by the "Viennese Circle" and by some of his colleagues at the University of Chicago.

In all this Professor Hartshorne has rendered a real service. It is time for a detailed critique of Humanism, but to annihilate a philosophical system as old as the Greeks is quite another matter. But this book goes beyond that. It shows clearly the perplexity in which Christianity, together with other religious systems as well, finds itself. Modern science has wrought many and strange works against the earlier creeds and the faith they brought forth. Today educated people are beginning to have their doubts about science being able to solve the human problem. Professor Hartshorne now comes to the rescue with his philosophy of natural theism. But this natural theism is quite divorced from traditional, religious institutionalism—in this there is something "prophetic" about the system. Professor Hartshorne uses science; he criticizes interestingly and trenchantly practically all "humanistic" philosophers, especially Dewey and Santayana.

In natural theism, man becomes really more significant than most humanists have made him, but he is less egoistic; he is humble in the sense demanded by the Greeks. Man does not in Hartshorne's system take the place of God, rather he enters humbly on the road to a new and deeper creative activity.

C. A. HAWLEY.

Correspondence

Lord Cecil in America

Editor of UNITY:

The morning *Post-Intelligencer* has a plain editorial on "Lord Cecil Grows Frank." It gives the reasons why Americans should go slow in following his suggestions.

He comes as an envoy of peace. The editor calls attention to his words spoken recently in Boston, at a Good Will Congress, a part of which follow:

> "Where the only way of stopping an unjust aggression may be by taking vigorous action, even if there be a possibility that it may lead to military action, it is a duty to do so."

Such advice, says the editor, should make Americans cautious! It should be remembered also just who Lord Cecil is and was. During the Great War, he was Minister of Blockade (because of which tens of thousands of children starved!) He was a boon-adviser with Balfour—whose name is increasingly growing unsavory. He was in the imperial war council which bargained for the robber division of the world—the source of all our ills!

The editor of the *Post-Intelligencer* is correct: his history makes him a poor adviser to Americans! And Lord Cecil has come over on a Peace Mission!

And now I am led to add to the story of the editor.

I spent two years in Geneva, 1932-1934. I was in attendance on the Disarmament Conference—and in the "press gallery." Probably I was in attendance on more sessions than anyone else in Geneva.

I discovered that Lord Cecil was there much of the time—in a double capacity.

First, he was a member of the Conference, served on many committees and sat often on the important Council —which is the executive committee of the League—whose business is to control the affairs of the world, take care of the mandates, etc. While in that capacity, he acted and voted upon the Manchurian Invasion. He with Eden and John Simon performed in a way in which Japan could have taken no exception. I also saw Eden vote against a motion to abolish air-bombing, Britain needing that process to police the northwest tribes of India! None of these men favored any thorough-going peace measure.

Lord Cecil also acted in another capacity—this time as a civilian. He was chairman of the Committee on Publicity (and with the British, the chairman is the "boss"). This was made up of many representative British, Colonists, Americans. Its work was to promote peace sentiment from outside lands to affect sentiment in Geneva, etc. It promoted lectures. On this Committee were representatives of the League of Nations Union, the Women's Peace and Freedom League, the Council to Prevent War (our Mr. Libby's society) and others. There were prominent Quakers on it. . . . And now quite to the point, this Committee acted as the Peace Publicity, to send out news to America and other parts of the world. This Committee (note, of which Lord Cecil was chairman) practically dominated the news that went to the religious and social and labor press of America!

What I have observed in Geneva gives added logic for not following too closely the suggestions of Lord Cecil. Americans are so docile! I was in Australia, in 1922. They said to me often—"you Americans swallowed conscription so complacently." It looks like this, when we recall that the Australians voted on the question of conscription, and *during* the War, and *twice voted it down!* . . . Our old American independence seemed to disappear under President Wilson!

SYDNEY STRONG.

Seattle, Washington.

P. S. It will add to the picture and show more light, when I recall that the "boss" of the League, for twelve years was Eric Drummond, acting in the capacity of the Executive Secretary, that he was named at Versailles, by Balfour, whose private secretary he was. He resigned on the death of the Executive Secretary of the labor side of the League, who was a Frenchman. Drummond is now the British Ambassador at Rome.

S. S.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 102)

have their place? Are they grain elevators or food supply ships or farms which feed soldiers and civilians? Are they railroads and great auto highways which provide access to civilian and military centers? Are they every kind of factory which produces war material or helps to create the wealth which keeps the war going? Are they workers' quarters in towns from which comes the labor necessary for all economic life? Are they any city at all which by its morale aids in fighting the war?

We would not curb anyone's horror or moral indigation over what is happening in China or what has occurred in Ethiopia and Spain. All we ask is that in our righteous anger we do not forget that the same countries which are horrified today will very likely be guilty of the same outrages in the next war. The atrocity is modern war.

—*World Events.*